

# THE FAIRY DOLL

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## THE FAIRY DOLL

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

SIX FAIRY PLAYS FOR  
CHILDREN

ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND  
OTHER FAIRY PLAYS FOR  
CHILDREN

THE BODLEY HEAD



# THE FAIRY DOLL

AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

BY NETTA SYRETT

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FAIRY DOLL . . . . .	3
CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST . . . .	23
THE CHRISTENING OF ROSALYS ; A PASTORAL PLAY FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN . . .	35
THE ENCHANTED GARDEN . . . . .	57
THE STRANGE BOY . . . . .	71



# THE FAIRY DOLL



# THE FAIRY DOLL

## CHARACTERS

ROSALIND } (Real Children).  
BARBARA }

## THE DOLLS—

THE PAPA.	THE MAMMA.
TOMMY.	ANGELA.
THE NURSE.	THE COOK.
THE FAIRY.	

SCENE I.—*The Nursery. On a table is a large Doll's House. Standing before it are BARBARA and ROSALIND. They are busy polishing, dusting, and putting back the furniture which is spread upon the table.*

ROSALIND. Here's the wardrobe, and here's the bath. Have you put in the bird-cage?

BARBARA. Yes. There! Everything's quite tidy.

*Now shall we bring her?*

ROSALIND. Wait a minute. The Mamma's dropping the baby. Let me pin it on tighter.  
[*She takes the Mamma doll out of the Doll's House*

*and performs this operation.] That's better.  
[Replaces the doll.]*

BARBARA. [*In an exasperated tone.*] Look at Tommy! He's fallen into the grate again. He really *is* tiresome; and the Mamma spoils him terribly.

ROSALIND. [*Calmly.*] Pick him out. Oh! and stand the Cook up straight, she's lying on the kitchen table.

BARBARA. [*Obeying.*] She's been doing that all the morning. There! *Now* we can bring her, can't we? [*She runs towards a cupboard on the other side of the room.*]

ROSALIND. [*Hurriedly.*] No, wait! The Papa's fallen over the dining-room sideboard. Oh! he's knocked over two wine glasses.

BARBARA. [*Going back impatiently.*] They *are* a bother to-day, all these dolls! They've never been so stupid before. Look at Angela now! Her head's in the bath, and a moment ago she was sitting nicely on the sofa.

ROSALIND. [*Slowly, as she turns away from the Doll's House.*] Barbara!

BARBARA. [*Still busy with the Doll's House.*] What?

ROSALIND. [*Mysteriously.*] I don't believe they want her.



BARBARA. [*Turning sharply.*] Not want the *Fairy Doll*?

ROSALIND. No.

BARBARA. Why not?

ROSALIND. Look what a horrid expression the Cook's got!

BARBARA. [*Turning to see.*] So she has.

ROSALIND. And look at the Papa's face!

BARBARA. He looks just like Uncle Jack when the dinner's late, doesn't he? . . . But Rosalind, they *must* like her. Why, she's beautiful.

ROSALIND. Yes, but she's got wings and they haven't.

BARBARA. Why will they mind that?

ROSALIND. I don't know, but they *will*.

BARBARA. Let's look at her. [*The children go to a cupboard and lift out a box, from which they very gently take the Fairy Doll. She is dressed in white and has long wings.*]

ROSALIND. [*With a long breath.*] Of course, she's perfectly lovely. Do you remember her on the top of the Christmas tree, and how *afraid* we were we shouldn't get her?

BARBARA. [*Mournfully.*] Yes, and we've been planning ever since for her to live in the Doll's House—as a great favour to the other dolls.

ROSALIND. [*Decisively.*] Well, they don't want her.

BARBARA. Do you think it's because they think the Doll's House isn't good enough? It isn't very pretty when you come to think of it. That's the worst of having Grandmamma's doll's house. The dolls are not pretty either. They're so old-fashioned. Look at the way they're dressed! Angela's plaid frock, and the Papa's *awful* trousers.

ROSALIND. Yes, but all the same, I believe they think themselves much grander than the Fairy Doll.

BARBARA. Oh, Rosalind! how could they? Look here! She ought to live in a garden—not in a house. Let's make a garden for her here on the table, beside the Doll's House. Auntie Margaret will help us. We'll make little paths, and green baize for grass, and a piece of glass stuck in for a pond. And then it will be a beautiful garden, with roses and great trees, and blue sky. And the Fairy Doll will live there in a bower of roses, and come in and see the Doll's House people sometimes for a great treat. Oh, do let us!

ROSALIND. Well, we'll make the garden; but I don't believe the Doll's House people will like it, all the same.

BARBARA. Let's bring them all out and look at them. [*She collects them all in a bunch.*]

ROSALIND. Don't hold the Papa upside down, his hat's not stuck on.

BARBARA. He oughtn't to wear it in the house at all.

ROSALIND. I *told* you he was a rude thing. He never takes it off even when the Mamma comes into the room. I don't believe he would take it off even for the Fairy Doll.

BARBARA. [*Setting the dolls in a row.*] Well, now, here's Cook.

ROSALIND. [*Scrutinising her.*] Awfully cross.

BARBARA. And here's Nurse.

ROSALIND. Well, you know how rude *she* is to the Mamma ! She said yesterday she'd never had a nurse so rude to her. Don't you remember ? [*Imitating NURSE'S voice.*] " Well, Ma'am, I do my best ; and in every other situation I've been, I've given the greatest satisfaction ; but then, I've always lived with ladies before, and you'll please to take a month's notice. . . . "

BARBARA. [*Nodding.*] Yes, I remember. Horrid for the Mamma ! Now the Mamma's got a nice kind face.

ROSALIND. Yes, but you know how she gives way to everyone—especially to the Papa. And *think* how she spoils Tommy !

BARBARA. Yes, Tommy's very naughty. Look at the horrid smile he's got.

ROSALIND. And he teases Angela so, and he's so nasty to her. Angela's a silly little thing, isn't she? The Papa says she's got no character.

BARBARA. The Papa's got too *much* character, I think. You know what a noise and fuss he always makes.

ROSALIND. Well, that's all the family; the baby doesn't count, because it's always pinned on. But I don't believe any of them will be pleased about the Fairy Doll.

BARBARA. Very well; we won't put her in the house then, but we'll make the garden for her to live in. Let's make it a perfectly *lovely* garden, Rosalind, and then the children can go there and play, and the Fairy Doll can tell them fairy tales, and the Mamma can go and sit on the grass and make daisy-chains for the baby, and the Papa can sit under the trees and read the newspaper. [*She has crossed the room and taken off the lid of the box containing the Fairy Doll, and while she speaks she is looking down at it tenderly.*] And then the Fairy Doll——

[*A crash.*]

What's that?

ROSALIND. [*Who has been replacing the dolls in*

*the Doll's House.*] Only the Papa. He's in an awful temper ; he's knocked over the coal-scuttle. [*A pause.*] Barbara !

BARBARA. What ?

ROSALIND. I can't help thinking they're sort of alive.

BARBARA. Well, I've always thought so !

ROSALIND. Of course they don't want us to know it. But if we came down one night——

BARBARA. Awfully late ! When everyone has gone to bed !

ROSALIND. Yes. At 12 o'clock, you know.

BARBARA. Oh, Rosalind. Let's make the garden first—and do it to-night.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The drawing-room in the Doll's House.*

*Cardboard chairs and furniture ; artificial flowers under glass stands on mantelpiece ; woolly hearth-rug, etc.*

[*Seated on the sofa in the rigid attitude befitting her name is the Mamma Doll. She is dressed in a stiff full skirt of early Victorian make, and the rag baby in long clothes is pinned on to her with motor hat-pins.*

*Angela, the "little girl" doll, in a very full dress of book muslin, sits near on a chair.*

*Tommy, in a sailor suit trimmed with gold braid, is on the floor, his back propped against the sofa. Both "children" have their arms and legs extended in stiff doll fashion. When the curtain goes up they are motionless and as much like dolls as possible.*

*After a moment door L. is slowly pushed open, and BARBARA and ROSALIND enter, in their night-gowns. They look round in amaze.]*

BARBARA. [*In an excited whisper.*] Rosalind!

ROSALIND. Don't you see what it is? The Doll's House drawing-room.

BARBARA. Grown big. Look at the bird-cage! And the clock and the furniture! Everything's grown big, like a real room.

ROSALIND. And so have the dolls! There's the Mamma.

BARBARA. And Angela—and Tommy. Oh, Rosalind! But where is the Fairy Doll? [*Excitedly.*] Do you think *she's* turned into a real fairy?

ROSALIND. But these are not real. I mean only like dolls are real. Not so real as we are.

BARBARA. How do you know? Oh, I'm so

glad we came down to see how they were getting on !—Hush !

[*A clock " off " begins to chime twelve. At the last stroke TOMMY begins to kick ; he then leans across and slaps ANGELA, who whines.*]

ANGELA. Mamma ! Tommy's slapping me.

BARBARA. [*In a low voice.*] Rosalind !

[*The two children, holding hands, retreat to a corner of the room, and watch, half hidden by a big chair. Each doll, while it speaks, becomes for a moment really alive, though the voice should be rather high and mechanical. The moment it has uttered the words, it relapses into the doll stage, leaning limply against the furniture, etc. This peculiarity must be preserved throughout.*]

THE MAMMA. Tommy darling, that's naughty to your little sister . . . [*In a wheedling tone.*] Did you see the pretty lady in the garden to-day ?

ANGELA. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, he did, Mamma ; and he threw mud at her, Mamma, all over her wings. Wasn't he naughty ?

TOMMY. [*To ANGELA.*] Sneak !

THE MAMMA. Oh, Tommy darling, that was rude ! Why don't you like the pretty lady ?

TOMMY. Because she's a silly idiot.

THE MAMMA. Oh, I don't think she's quite an *idiot*, Tommy ; but if she's not so clever as we are, that ought to make us kind to her, you know.

TOMMY. [*Obstinately.*] She's a silly idiot.

ANGELA. [*Shrilly.*] Nurse says she's no lady.

[*Enter NURSE. She is dressed in the round print skirt and flat cap of the Doll's House "Nurse."*]

NURSE. [*Grimly.*] Come, Master Tommy, it's your turn first to-night.

TOMMY. [*Kicking upon the floor.*] No, I don't want to go to bed ! I don't want to go to bed !

THE MAMMA. Be a good boy and you may take a piece of chocolate out of the cupboard. [TOMMY *moves stiffly to a cupboard.*] [*To NURSE, rather timidly.*] I hear you saw the—er—lady in the garden to-day, Nurse ?

THE NURSE. [*Drawing herself up.*] Lady, ma'am ? I saw the young person, yes, ma'am ; and that brings me to what I was going to say, ma'am. You'll please take a month's warning.

THE MAMMA. [*Distractedly.*] But why, Nurse ?

THE NURSE. I've lived in the best families, ma'am, but never 'ave I been where that sort of



thing was kept. In the garden, too ! And Cook will tell you the same, ma'am.

[*A knock.*]

THE MAMMA. Come in.

[*Enter COOK—very fat and red-faced. She speaks with a Cockney accent.*]

COOK. I wish to give notice, please, ma'am.

THE MAMMA. This is very sudden, Cook. Why ?

COOK. Because I'm a respectable woman, ma'am, and I don't like insecs about the plice.

THE MAMMA. *Insecs*, Cook ?

COOK. That there in the garden [*pointing out of window*] 'ave got wings sime as insecs 'ave. I s'pose she's a insec. She couldn't be nothing else.

ANGELA. She might be a bird.

TOMMY. Think yourself so clever ! [*Pulls ANGELA'S hair. She gives a little scream and relapses into rigidity.*]

THE MAMMA. [*Feebly.*] But she seems harmless. She seems to wish to be kind to the children ; she wanted to tell them stories, didn't she, Nurse ?

NURSE. [*Primly.*] She did, ma'am, and Miss Angela, I'm sorry to say, was inclined to listen, till Master Tommy come up and pulled her away. He 'as a great deal of spirit—Master Tommy.

THE MAMMA. But she isn't in your way at all, living among the roses as she does. It isn't as though she wanted any cooking done. She might be a bird, as the child says.

COOK. It isn't that, ma'am, it's the *principle* of it we object to, Nurse and me, 'avin' always lived in the best fam'lies with butler and footman kep', and thoroughly respectable. And if Master was at home 'e'd say as much. Master's a thorough gentleman. I will sy *that* for 'im.

[*Loud angry voice in the distance.*]

BARBARA. [*To ROSALIND in a loud whisper.*]  
It's the Papa !

[*Enter THE PAPA, dressed in the early Victorian Doll's House " Papa " fashion—wide trousers, red waistcoat with gilt buttons, top hat made of shiny black glazed cardboard, as though stuck on his head.*]

THE PAPA. [*Incoherent with fury.*] What's this !  
*What's this I've found in the garden, Emma ?*

THE MAMMA. [*With timid apology.*] Oh, George !  
I didn't expect you back to-day. It's—er—I don't know, George, what it is.

THE PAPA. [*Rushing back, opening the door and beckoning.*] Come in here, please.

[Enter THE FAIRY. *She is a real fairy now, and must look as ethereal as possible.*]

THE PAPA. [*Furiously.*] Now will you tell me who you are?

THE FAIRY. [*Shaking her head.*] I can't, if you don't know.

THE PAPA. Will you tell me why you are trespassing in my garden?

THE FAIRY. Is it your garden? Did you make it?

THE PAPA. No, and never wanted it. The landlords of this place made it. They must have got more money than sense.

THE FAIRY. Who are your landlords?

THE PAPA. How should I know? This is a respectable country where no one makes stupid inquiries like that.

THE FAIRY. Until they have a grievance. I'm afraid I'm a grievance?

THE PAPA. You're worse! You're a——

THE FAIRY. A fairy.

THE PAPA. I don't care what you call yourself. What are you doing in my garden?

THE FAIRY. Your landlords put me there—as a great gift to you.

THE PAPA. [*Choking with anger.*] A gift! a

gift, indeed ! What were you going to do for us ?

THE FAIRY. A great deal. I would have shown you the way to Fairyland for one thing.

THE PAPA. [*Gasping.*] May I show you the way to the door ? [*To the Mamma.*] What are the servants doing here ?

THE COOK. If you please, sir, we 'ad come to give notice. Mistress seemed to like that there inseck about, so Nurse an' me, 'avin' always lived in 'igh fam'lies, and being thoroughly respectable——

THE PAPA. You don't mean to say, Emma, that you've actually *encouraged* a—a mere fairy—in a family like ours ?

THE MAMMA. Well, George, I only——

THE FAIRY. She was very kind. [*Shaking her head.*] But she'll never find the way to Fairyland.

THE PAPA. I should think not ! She's my wife. [*To servants.*] Go away, my good women, and don't be absurd. This—er—nuisance shall be removed at once.

THE NURSE and COOK. [*Bobbing.*] Thank you, sir !

THE PAPA. For goodness sake stop sniffing, Emma ! [*To THE FAIRY.*] Go !

THE FAIRY. I'm afraid it's not so easy.

THE PAPA. Why? What do you mean?

THE FAIRY. You don't know your landlords. They sent me here. Everything you have is theirs. You hold it at their pleasure. They are very powerful. If it seemed good to them, they could break these walls, crush this furniture—and crush you. Yes, in a thousand pieces.

[THE MAMMA *faints upon the sofa, the COOK and THE NURSE lean limply against the wall; TOMMY and ANGELA begin to cry. THE PAPA subsides into a chair.*]

ROSALIND. [*In a loud whisper.*] Barbara, she means us!

THE PAPA. [*Feebly.*] Is this true?

THE FAIRY. Quite true. Against their will I cannot leave you.

[BARBARA and ROSALIND, *hand in hand, come out into the middle of the room. All the dolls stare fixedly at them, standing or sitting in rigid attitudes. The children go and stand before THE PAPA.*]

BARBARA. If you please, *we* are the landlords—I mean the landladies.

THE PAPA. [*Falling on his knees, gasps.*] Spare me, ladies! I'm a respectable man with a large family.

[*All the other dolls go down stiffly on to their knees, and with clasped hands speak in mechanical tones, one after the other.*]

THE MAMMA. Kind ladies, he doesn't mean half he says. Spare him !

TOMMY. Boohoo ! Boohoo ! I only threw mud on one wing. I will be good ! I *will* be good !

ANGELA. Boohoo ! I didn't throw nuffin at all—and Tommy made me.

THE NURSE. [*Murmuring in terror.*] Never having been where they was kept before, I wasn't used to them, kind ladies——

THE COOK. Always keepin' myself *to* myself—and butler and footmen kep'——

ROSALIND. Don't be so silly. We're not going to hurt you.

BARBARA. We'll ask the Fairy to come to live with *us*, if you don't like her. [*Wistfully.*] We thought you would—at least *I* did.

ROSALIND. [*Severely.*] Get up ! If you only knew how silly you looked, you wouldn't go on like that.

BARBARA. [*Pulling her sister's hand deprecatingly.*] Rosalind !

ROSALIND. Well, they're only dolls, you know, though they *are* alive.

[*All the dolls rise, trembling.*]

ROSALIND. [*Pointing sternly to THE PAPA.*] Go away! You're a horrid man. [*THE PAPA jerks himself abjectly towards the door R. The others follow in the order in which ROSALIND addresses them. To THE MAMMA.*] You're the nicest. But you shouldn't give way so to the Papa. Put Tommy to bed for a whole day—with bread and water. And don't give Angela any jam for a week. [*To TOMMY, who goes off howling.*] That will teach you to be a better boy. [*To ANGELA.*] And do try not to be such a sneak! [*To COOK.*] I think you're a perfectly horrid cook, and if I was the Mamma I should send you away. [*To NURSE.*] And you're the grumpiest nurse I ever saw. Fancy not *liking* to take the children in the garden and let the Fairy amuse them. [*She stamps her foot.*] Go away, all of you! And if you don't get nicer, we'll turn you out of the Doll's House, and put in another family. Anyhow we shall take away the lovely garden we made for you. You're not fit to have a garden, and you're not fit to have a fairy to live in it. Go away! [*She stamps again, and the dolls huddle out of the room.*]

[*Meanwhile BARBARA, who has been standing by THE FAIRY, holding her hand, suddenly sits down on the floor, and begins to cry.*]

THE FAIRY. [*Bending over her.*] What is it, my child ?

BARBARA. I'm so disappointed. Rosalind *said* they wouldn't like you. She always knows. But I thought they would. And we made such a beautiful garden——

THE FAIRY. [*Smiling.*] Never mind. Fairies are not for dolls who live in cardboard dolls' houses ; they are for the people who make gardens. Come and see ! [*She draws the children to the window.*]

BARBARA. [*Excitedly.*] Rosalind ! I told you so ! It's a real garden ! Oh ! look at the sun on the grass, and the big trees, and the blue sky !

ROSALIND. And the little path that leads out of the garden, under the arch of roses ! Look, it winds up the hill and over the mountains. [*To THE FAIRY.*] Where does it go ?

THE FAIRY. [*Smiling.*] All the way to Fairy-land. Come ! Let's go and see !

[*All three move towards the door, the children dancing round THE FAIRY in their eagerness.*]

CURTAIN.



## CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST



# CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST

## CHARACTERS

HANS.

GRETCHEN.

SPRING FAIRIES.

SUMMER FAIRIES.

AUTUMN AND WINTER FAIRIES.

*[The Summer and Autumn fairies should be played by girls older than those who represent the fairies of Spring and Winter.]*

SCENE.—*A cottage room, quaintly furnished, lighted only by a faint glow from the fire. Door R. leading to the rest of the house. Door L. opens into the forest.*

*[Enter HANS and GRETCHEN, hand in hand.]*

GRETCHEN. Hush! We must be very quiet.

HANS. It's so dark. I'll light the candles.

*[Takes stick from the fire, and with it lights candles on the chimney-piece, and on table. The children, who are dressed like German children of the olden time, are seen to have wooden shoes in their hands.]*

GRETCHEN. You put your shoes on *that* side of the hearth, and I'll put mine here. So !

[*They place the shoes as she suggests.*]

HANS. [*Shivering.*] It's very cold for fairies. Do you think they'll really come ?

GRETCHEN. Yes, I'm sure they will. This is an enchanted cottage ; the Poet said so.

HANS. Who is the Poet ?

GRETCHEN. He's a nice man, who stayed here all the summer.

HANS. Why did he say this was an enchanted cottage ?

GRETCHEN. Because it's right in the middle of the forest. All cottages in the middle of a forest are magic ones, he says.

HANS. Did he write poetry, here in this room ?

GRETCHEN. Yes, and lovely fairy stories too. I used to come and talk to him, and tell him all about you.

HANS. What did you tell him ?

GRETCHEN. Oh ! I told him how you were coming here to stay at Christmas, and how you're going to write books too, when you're grown up.

HANS. What did he say ?

GRETCHEN. See ! I've got a letter from him. [*She takes it from her pocket.*] It came this morning, and there's something about you in it.

HANS. About me ?

GRETCHEN. Listen ! I'll read it to you. He's written round and big, on purpose so that I can understand.

[*The children sit by the fire, and she reads*] :

"How is the little cousin Hans who lives in the big city where I hope one day to meet him ? If he is with you for the Christmas visit, tell him, when he's a man, to write his books in your enchanted cottage." [*Looking up from the letter.*] There ! you see.

HANS. Go on.

GRETCHEN. "Tell him that all the fairies come and visit it, and I'm not at all surprised, when they find a cottage like a bird's nest in the middle of the forest. Say that the fairies came to *me*, as I sat writing at the open door with the trees bending down to watch me, and the squirrels whisking in and out at the window. They whispered all sorts of things to me, and I'm going to write some of their secrets in a book, and send it to you. Don't forget to put your shoes by the fireside on Christmas Eve—you and Hans ; for on that night, if only you were there to see, the door which leads into the forest will open and your little room will be full of fairies, and when they see the shoes on the hearth——" [*She breaks off.*] So that's why

I wanted you to come down to-night, when every one had gone to bed.

HANS. [*Slowly.*] Yes, when I'm a man, I'll come and write here too.

GRETCHEN. Mother doesn't believe in the fairies, you know, and father doesn't either. He says he's never seen any.

HANS. Perhaps they only come to poets.

GRETCHEN. Then *we* shan't see them—we're not poets.

HANS. No, but we want to be.

GRETCHEN. Can't we do anything to please them?

HANS. Let's put the Poet's letter on the door-step. That may remind the fairies that he lived here all the summer.

GRETCHEN. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, and wrote the loveliest tales about them. He used to read them to me. Oh, Hans! that's a good plan. I'm sure they'll come directly they see his letter.

[*The children run to the door and open it.*]

HANS. Oh, see how bright the moonlight makes the snow!

GRETCHEN. And don't the trees look dark and tall? I'm sure they're listening, Hans!  
[GRETCHEN stoops and puts the letter outside.]

HANS. Now shut the door and wait. [*In whisper.*] See! it's nearly twelve o'clock.

GRETCHEN. And everyone's asleep but us.  
*[Drawing closer to him.]* Are you frightened,  
 Hans ?

HANS. Listen ! Hush ! They're coming.

*[Faint music, drawing nearer, heard outside.]*

GRETCHEN. *[Suddenly, clinging to Hans.]* Oh,  
 Hans ! I'm frightened. Let's hide. Let's hide.

*[The children run behind the settle.]*

*[The door is flung open. Enter the SPRING  
 FAIRIES. They are clad in robes of filmy  
 green, and carry branches of blossom and  
 spring flowers.]*

*One of them says, or sings, the following] :*

Hans and Gretchen called to us,  
 And directly, it was Spring.  
 Hans and Gretchen called to us.  
 All the birds began to sing.

Daffodils shone in the grass,  
 Frozen streams began to run.  
 Hans and Gretchen called to us.  
 All at once, out flashed the sun.

Blue sky laughed between the trees,  
 Blossom decked the happy land.  
 Hans and Gretchen called to us,  
 That was why, you understand !

*[Music again without. Enter the SUMMER FAIRIES, some in rose-colour robes, some all in white, like lilies. They bear armfuls of lilies and roses.*

*One of them says, or sings, the lines which follow] :*

Bring in the lilies and roses of Summer,  
Bring in its fragrance, colour, and bloom,  
Scatter the roses, strew the white lilies,  
Sweet as the thoughts that were born in this room.

Into this quiet room stars have come crowding,  
It has been filled with the murmur of streams,  
Glittering rainbows have arched it with splendour,  
It was the room of a dreamer of dreams.

*[They join the SPRING FAIRIES.]*

*[Music without. The AUTUMN FAIRIES enter, in robes of russet and yellow, like autumn leaves.*

*One of them sings, or says] :*

Here the dreamer sang of us,  
Fairies of the dying year.  
All the squirrels gathering nuts,  
Crowded round the door to hear.

All the golden Autumn trees  
Listened through the quiet days.  
Here the Poet dwelt, and we  
Come to-night to sing his praise.



A SUMMER FAIRY. [*To the SPRING FAIRIES.*]  
Sister, who called to you ?

A SPRING FAIRY. The children called to us.  
Where are the children ? For their sake we are  
here.

SUMMER FAIRY. The Poet called to us. Here,  
in this little room, he told the world all the sweet  
secrets of the summer.

AN AUTUMN FAIRY. We also came because the  
Poet called. Far off, in the great noisy city, he sits  
to-night, and thinks of this, his quiet room, where  
he has sung of all the beauty of the dying year.

A SPRING FAIRY. And of the children we are  
here to please. Where are the children ?

Another SPRING FAIRY. Listen ! Here come the  
Winter Fairies. They too are for the children, and  
they bring the Christmas gifts.

[*Music without. Enter the WINTER  
FAIRIES, little creatures in white robes.  
Between them they bear a Christmas tree,  
covered with tapers. As they enter, they  
look round them for the children.*]

Little Hans and Gretchen,  
Do not hide away,  
We are Winter fairies,  
And it's Christmas Day !

On either side the fire  
Stands a little shoe.  
Little Hans and Gretchen,  
Somewhere, then, are *you* !

See, we bring you presents,  
As the Poet said ;  
Books and dolls and sweetmeats,  
Nuts, and apples red.

Little Hans and Gretchen,  
Ah ! come out and see ;  
Best of all your many gifts  
Is the Christmas tree !

*[The children, HANS holding GRETCHEN'S  
hand, come from behind the settle.]*

THE FAIRIES. The children ! Here are the  
children !

HANS. *[Shyly.]* Thank you very much for  
coming.

GRETCHEN. *[Running to look at her shoe.]* Oh,  
Hans ! What lovely things. *[Looking round the  
room.]* I wish the Poet knew.

A SUMMER FAIRY. He does know. He's dream-  
ing the same dream.

HANS. *[Puzzled.]* But this is not a dream !

SUMMER FAIRY. *[Smiling.]* How do you know,  
Hans ?

[*Music. The FAIRIES dance, while the children sit together in a big chair, watching. Presently the FAIRIES take hands in a ring, and dance slowly round them. The children gradually fall asleep while a SUMMER FAIRY sings, or says, the following*] :

Sleep, children, rest and sleep,  
Stars shall through the window peep,  
Silver moon shall lend her light,  
Through the still, enchanted night.

Sleep, children, sleep and rest,  
Of Life's dreams you know the best.  
Other dreams will fill the years,  
Dreams of sorrows, hopes and fears.

Yet when all the dreams are past,  
You will smile and say at last,  
" We have waked from love and fame—  
Once, at least, the fairies came."

[*The FAIRIES steal from the room, first scattering their flowers round the sleeping children. Music gradually dies away in the distance.*]

CURTAIN.



# THE CHRISTENING OF ROSALYS



# THE CHRISTENING OF ROSALYS

A PASTORAL PLAY FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN

## CHARACTERS

THE NURSE.

THE QUEEN.

THE KING.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

THE PRINCESS.

PRINCE POMPOUS.

HUGO.

SPIRITS OF THE ROSE, THE LILY—Evil Sprites—  
Will o' the Wisp, etc.

SCENE.—*Part of the Palace garden. The garden stretches to the outskirts of a wood, the fringe of which touches the smooth lawn and the beds of cultivated flowers. Little paths through the wood wander mysteriously into the distance.*

[*Enter, R., into the garden, the old NURSE. She is in mediæval dress, and leans on a staff, walking slowly. As she comes she calls in a quavering voice.*]

NURSE. Rosalys ! Princess ! Where are you, child ? [*Muttering to herself.*] What use to call ? Who knows where she is ? Dancing in fairy ring, maybe . . . or playing with the squirrels in the

forest, instead of sitting like a wise princess, there in the Palace, listening while the good Prince talks about himself.

[Enter QUEEN, L. *Though heated and dishevelled, she is in royal robes, and wears her crown ; she, too, is calling.*]

QUEEN. Rosalys ! Rosalys ! [*She is followed at some distance by the KING, a stout, harassed-looking little individual, who carries his train over his arm. The QUEEN turns angrily to him.*] Why don't you call ? Do try to show some dignity ! You let the girl defy you ! Call at once.

KING. [*Calling feebly.*] Rosalys, my dear ! Rosalys ! Come here. Your mother wants you.

QUEEN. [*Angrily.*] "Your mother wants you !" So like you. Why don't you summon her at once ? Tell her you forbid these antics ! Command her to return this moment to the Palace, and treat the Prince with some civility.

KING. [*Mildly.*] Nothing would please me better, my dear love, if only we could find her.

QUEEN. [*With an angry exclamation.*] I have no patience ! Was ever a poor mother tried like me ! Nurse, I appeal to you ! Was ever a princess better trained than Rosalys ? Was ever a princess more perverse ?



NURSE. [*Shaking her head.*] Ah, madam. 'Twas the christening—'twas the christening.

QUEEN. Yes—that was the King's obstinacy.

KING. [*Feebly.*] It was the best christening.

QUEEN. Yes, but some sprites must have got in as well. I told you not to have it in the open air.

NURSE. [*Shaking her head again.*] A princess christened in a wood! 'Twas dangerous, sire, 'twas very dangerous.

KING. Why dangerous, Nurse? The Flower fairies came—the fairies of the lily and the rose came with their gifts. What better christening could the child have had?

NURSE. Ah! but sometimes the spirits of wild woodland things come too. They enter at the baby's heart, and then it never rests.

QUEEN. I told you so. I begged that we might have it in the Palace with proper godmothers, like other folk. But no! you would not listen. It must be out of doors, with the rabbits scampering in the grass, and squirrels dashing through the branches overhead, and birds singing most rudely all the time. And besides these, who knows what sprites about? Will o' the wisps, and deadly nightshades. Oh! it's very plain the girl's bewitched—bewitched.

KING. [*Coaxingly.*] My love, I think you take

the thing too seriously. The girl is not so bad. She's pretty [*chuckling*]*—*and she's really quite amusing.

QUEEN. Amusing ! Amusing to throw away her chances as she does ? Oh, you men ! you drive me wild. Look how I've worked to make her pleasing even to the humblest prince. Powerful fairies to give her beauty—still more powerful fairies to check her intellect—fairies to instruct her in the art of pleasing. How does she repay me, Nurse ?

NURSE. She laughs at all her suitors, madam.

QUEEN. In spite of all my warnings. Times out of number have I said to her, “ Rosalys, remember this. Among princes 'tis a well-known fact that princesses have no sense of humour. Why do you confront them with the impossible ? It's silly—and it only makes them angry.” And even now, when at last she is betrothed, she does not heed my warning.

NURSE. No, madam. She laughs at Prince Pompous worst of all.

KING. [*With a slight chuckle.*] Well, he's very tempting—er—I mean, my love, a foolish girl—a foolish girl.

QUEEN. Half an hour ago I found the Prince bristling with annoyance at her behaviour at the ball last night. We shall lose him ! Mark my word,

he'll go. And now, when Rosalys might soothe him with a smile or two, she's nowhere to be found. [*Calls angrily.*] Rosalys! [*To KING.*] Go on calling. It's the least that you can do.

KING. [*Perfunctorily.*] Rosalys!

*[They go out—the QUEEN in front, the KING lagging behind, and mopping his brow.]*

NURSE. [*Leaning on her staff, and, shaking her head, mutters.*] Sometimes the spirits of wild woodland things enter the baby's heart, and then it never rests. It never rests. [*She goes out, murmuring this to herself.*]

*[The sound of a pipe is heard, and down one of the paths from the wood comes a little Arcadian shepherd boy, a leopard skin over one shoulder, his head crowned with vine leaves. He plays on a pipe as he comes, and, entering the garden, seats himself and continues his music.]*

*[Enter presently the Princess, and, running across the grass, throws herself down near him. She wears a dress of white brocade, and her loose, fair hair falls from a little mediæval cap.]*

PRINCESS. [*Breathlessly.*] I heard you piping, long ago. I couldn't find you. Oh! I've run so

fast. [*Laughing.*] And Prince Pompous is in such a temper !

SHEPHERD. I do not pipe for you to-day.

ROSALYS. [*Surprised.*] Not for me ? For whom then ? [*Smiling.*] Not for my mother ?

SHEPHERD. [*Laughing.*] No.

ROSALYS. Nor for the King, my father ?

SHEPHERD. No, though once he heard me.

ROSALYS. Nor for my dear old Nurse ?

SHEPHERD. Now, alas, she is too old.

ROSALYS. For anyone I know ?

SHEPHERD. Once you knew him.

ROSALYS. [*Puzzled.*] I cannot think. No matter, he has not come.

SHEPHERD. He has so far to come. I call to him across the woods, across the hills, across the seas.

ROSALYS. [*Pouting.*] Don't call him. We don't want him. He will spoil our fun.

SHEPHERD. I *have* called. He has heard. He's on his way. He must come now.

ROSALYS. Well, before he comes, what shall we do ? Will you take me to the lonely meres to watch the heron fishing ? Or shall we help to pick the grapes for harvest ? Or shall we go to the cave of the winds and fly with them across the sea and make great waves, and a tremendous storm ?

[*Restlessly.*] I should like that to-day ! I should like to hold the hands of the winds—one on each side—and rush and rush, and shout and scream and sing.

SHEPHERD. What would Prince Pompous say ?

ROSALYS. [*Vehemently.*] Even if I sang into his ear, he wouldn't know. He'd say the wind was boisterous !

SHEPHERD. You'll never hear my pipe when you are married to Prince Pompous.

ROSALYS. Not hear your pipe ? Why, I have heard it all my life. Why, I have heard it in the moonlight, and danced to it under the stars. And in the sunshine I have heard it too, and followed it into the green forest, and played there with the creatures of the wood. And in the storm, and in the rain, and in the snow——

SHEPHERD. [*Shaking his head.*] You will not hear it any more. [*Springing up.*] I must go. I do not pipe for you to-day.

[*Goes out, L., playing as he goes.* ROSALYS stands looking after him, perplexed and troubled. Enter, R., Prince Pompous. His name is appropriate. He is beautifully dressed, self-complacent, and at the moment very ruffled.]

PRINCE. So here you are, Princess. I have been looking for you. Can it be possible you have not heard the—er—cries of your dear parents?

ROSALYS. [*Nonchalantly.*] Oh! they often cry like that. It doesn't matter.

PRINCE. Pardon me, Princess, it means in this case that I—er—desire to speak to you.

ROSALYS. Well, now you have a splendid opportunity.

PRINCE. Er—touching the ball last night. You seemed to find Prince Charming a very interesting companion.

ROSALYS. [*Provokingly.*] I found him almost worthy of his name, which is far better.

PRINCE. [*Stiffly.*] May I suggest that your remark is scarcely worthy of a princess?

ROSALYS. Certainly you may. But you won't expect me to agree with you? If you said Princess Violetta was charming, I might deplore your taste, but I shouldn't say it was a remark unworthy of a prince.

PRINCE. That would be quite a different matter.

ROSALYS. Of course it would, because Violetta, though a good girl——[*Pauses mischievously.*]

PRINCE. You do not gather my meaning, Princess. There are certain things not unbecoming in princes which in princesses are unseemly.

ROSALYS. [*With an air of great interest*]. How do you know ?

PRINCE. Leave all that to me, my child. A prince is always a safe guide about such matters.

ROSALYS. Why ? I have known some really quite silly princes.

PRINCE. [*Importantly*]. A prince is a prince for all that.

ROSALYS. [*With an air of curiosity*]. Have you a Scotch ancestor by any chance ?

PRINCE. [*Huffily*]. You wander from the point.

ROSALYS. [*Teasingly*]. Don't you find that delightfully feminine ? Seriously, my Prince, it is nice of you to be so jealous. If you go on in this way, I shall certainly fall in love with you.

PRINCE. [*Hastily*]. Jealous ? Never ! Jealousy is an unworthy passion. I was merely looking at the matter in the abstract.

ROSALYS. [*Reflectively*]. I think that's what is the matter with you.

PRINCE. I do not like your mood, Princess.

ROSALYS. [*Obligingly*]. I'm sorry, but I can change it in a moment if you wish. I have an enormous number of them.

PRINCE. I was coming to that. Now a princess of many moods——

ROSALYS. [*Sympathetically.*] Must be very annoying to a prince with none.

PRINCE. [*Modestly.*] I think I may say you will always find me the same.

ROSALYS. [*Encouragingly.*] Oh no, no! You mustn't take a gloomy view.

*[The PRINCE looks at her with disapproval, and at the moment the voices of the KING and QUEEN are again heard, calling, the QUEEN angrily, the KING feebly, Rosalys! Rosalys! The Nurse follows them.]*

*Enter the QUEEN, R. Her manner changes instantly to smiling sweetness.]*

QUEEN. [*Playfully to KING, who wearily follows her.*] Ah! here they are, the naughty, sly ones! Billing and cooing, while we called in vain. Well! well! well! Love's young dream, my dear. We'll leave them to it.

PRINCE. Madam, you err. I grieve to say you err. With much reluctance, and some pain, I here renounce the honour of your daughter's hand. [*To KING.*] I leave her, sire, to some happier prince, more fortunate in pleasing her than I have been.

*[He makes a sweeping bow to KING and QUEEN and ROSALYS, and goes out in a dignified manner.]*



QUEEN. [*Impulsively.*] Stop, Prince! [*She makes a movement to follow him.*]

KING. [*Restraining her.*] My love!

QUEEN. [*Turning furiously to Rosalys.*] Unworthy child. And now he'll go and marry Princess Violetta—a plain girl, and her mother a detestable woman. . . . Oh! I have done with you! A prince that every princess envied, a solid prince, a prince with a good income, thrown away! Recklessly thrown away before my eyes, before the eyes of all the Court! After all my plans, after my sleepless nights, after incessant work. I've done with you! Do what you please! Be clever if you please—it's useless to disguise it any longer. I wash my hands of you. [*To KING.*] Come with me! If I leave you here, you'll side with her. Come at once, I say!

[*She sweeps away, followed by the KING.*]

[*ROSALYS has seated herself on a bench. She keeps her eyes fixed on the ground during the QUEEN'S address. When her parents have gone, she turns to the NURSE between laughter and tears.*]

ROSALYS. Well! he's gone. Ought I to be sorry, Nurse? He bored me so. [*Sighs.*] And yet to settle down and be a queen would save a lot of trouble. Why can't I, Nurse? Why don't I?

NURSE. The christening, Rosalys—the christening !

ROSALYS. Is that what it is ? Is that why I want the stars out of the sky—the sun out of heaven ? Is that why I want—blue roses ?

NURSE. Yes, but one can learn to do without them. One can learn to forget even that the sky has stars, or that there is a sun in heaven.

ROSALYS. But I don't want to, Nurse !

NURSE. Ah ! You're but young. Wait, wait !  
[*Listening.*] The Queen is calling me. I must go. Stay you here, Princess. I should avoid my lady mother yet awhile, if I were you.

[NURSE goes out. PRINCESS, looking after her, first laughs a little, then suddenly breaks into tears. She gets up and wanders disconsolately away, L.]

The SHEPHERD'S pipe is heard, and presently he emerges from the wood, dancing down the path. After a moment a young man breaks through the trees, following. He is tall and strong, and he wears the dress of a hunter—a knife at his side, and a spear in his hand.

The boy goes on playing, and the new-comer seats himself and watches him.]

HUGO. Who are you, shepherd boy ?

BOY. [*Nonchalantly.*] I don't know.

HUGO. Where do you come from ?

BOY. From Arcady.

HUGO. [*Thoughtfully.*] I, too, was once in Arcady.

BOY. Yes ; that is why you heard my pipe.

HUGO. I did not mean to follow. I'm going to the Palace. Young rascal with your pipe, you've made me lose my way !

BOY. But here begins the Palace garden.

HUGO. [*Starts, and looks about him.*] Can it be ? [*As though gradually remembering.*] It is so long ago—and yet—— Yes !—yes ! [*eagerly pointing*] there is the tree I climbed to hide her doll, that I might see her storm and rage. In that wood we shared the games of hares and birds. Here, on this lawn—— [*Amazed.*] Why, shepherd boy, we played with *you* !

BOY. *She* has not forgotten *me*. It's *you* she has forgotten !

HUGO. [*With determination.*] I will remind her.

BOY. You may not like her now. None of the princes like her.

HUGO. [*Laughing.*] She has not altered, then ?

BOY. No, and she will not alter. Evil sprites as well as fairies came to the christening.

HUGO. [*Thoughtfully.*] I know—I know.

BOY. To-day is eighteen years since all the spirits came to yonder wood, where she lay sleeping in her cradle. [*Nodding towards the wood.*] They are all there now. Every year they come to dance about the spot. My pipe will call them. Would you see?

HUGO. [*Gravely.*] Yes—call them all.

[*The BOY plays on his pipe, and from the wood emerges a throng of beings, some beautiful, some wild and mischievous, some evil-looking. They take hands, and dance together in wild confusion. Presently two spirits step from the crowd. They are both beautiful. One is the Spirit of the Rose, and the other the Spirit of the Lily. They sing.*]

[*Together.*]

Rose and Lily, Lily and Rose,  
We met at the christening of Rosalys.  
Then, as she lay in the whispering wood,  
Each of us gave her a kiss.

LILY.

I am the Lily ;  
I give you my whiteness,  
Give you my gold for your shining hair ;  
Give you my grace for your slender body.  
Trust me, Baby, you shall be fair !

ROSE.

I am the Rose ;  
I give you my sweetness,  
Give you my red for your cheeks and mouth ;  
Give you my colour, my life, my power,  
Baby, rocked by the wind of the south !

[*Together.*]

Thus we sang when we met at the christening,  
Met at the christening of Rosalys ;  
Child with the name of roses and lilies,  
Each of us gave you a kiss.

[*Will o' the Wisp and an evil sprite sing.*]

Will o' the Wisps,  
And Spirits of Evil,  
We met at the christening of Rosalys ;  
Hand in hand we danced round her cradle,  
Each of us gave her a kiss.

[*All the spirits.*]

Wildness and beauty,  
Terror and goodness,  
Met at the christening of Rosalys ;  
Child with the name of roses and lilies,  
All of us gave you a kiss.

[*Dancing wildly together, the spirits fade  
away into the wood.*]

HUGO. [*To himself.*] Yes, my poor little Princess. It makes things difficult when the fairies come to the christening !

Boy. You can yet go back. Many princesses, I am told, still have the usual godmothers.

HUGO. [*Laughing.*] You are precocious, boy ! Though you were born two thousand years ago, do not on that account presume to teach your elders.

Boy. Then I will call the Princess.

*[Puts his pipe to his lips, and goes fluting towards the wood, where he is lost to sight.]*

*Enter the PRINCESS, L., looking about her as though following the music. She stops short at the sight of HUGO.]*

HUGO. [*Rising and looking at her fixedly. Speaks at last in a soft voice.*] I thought the Lily fairy had come back.

ROSALYS. [*At first puzzled, understands and smiles.*] Do you think so now ?

HUGO. No.

ROSALYS. Why not ?

HUGO. Because of the sprites in your eyes.

ROSALYS. [*Laughs.*] Who are you ?

HUGO. I am a Discoverer.

ROSALYS. But are you a prince ?

HUGO. *You* must be a discoverer now.

ROSALYS. That's rather a good idea.

HUGO. [*Calmly.*] I am full of them.

ROSALYS. [*With dignity.*] You are trespassing, as I suppose you know.

HUGO. That is one of my best ideas.

ROSALYS. [*Weakly.*] What have you come for ?

HUGO. For you.

ROSALYS. [*Gasping.*] But I don't know you !

HUGO. That doesn't matter. No one knows anyone. But if you mean you've never seen me before—— Oh ! you silly child !

ROSALYS [*stares at him incredulously, then whispers*] : Hugo !

HUGO. [*Smiling.*] Yes. I was the forester's little boy. I'm his big boy now.

ROSALYS. Do you remember how we used to play—and how I screamed and fought because at last they would not let me see you any more ?

HUGO. But I told you I should come back one day, and take you to my kingdom. Did you forget ?

ROSALYS. Your kingdom ? I didn't know you *had* a kingdom.

HUGO. [*Rather grimly.*] I've made one. Come ! [*He holds out his hand.*]

ROSALYS. [*Drawing back.*] Oh ! but this is ridiculous.

HUGO. [*Shrugging his shoulders.*] We'll discuss it, if you please. But it's waste of time.

ROSALYS. [*Agitatedly.*] I don't in the least

know what you're like now. You were a very annoying little boy, I remember.

HUGO. You were a most exasperating little girl—and I'm sure you haven't improved. On the whole I think my risk is greater than yours.

ROSALYS. [*Firing up.*] You are not polite !

HUGO. [*Readily agreeing.*] No.

ROSALYS. I don't think you're a young princess's ideal at all.

HUGO. I'm quite sure I'm not. Think how you would hate me if I were. [*He looks at her and laughs.*] Don't be a humbug, darling.

ROSALYS. [*Looking down at the points of her shoes.*] You'd be shocked if I wasn't.

HUGO. A Discoverer is never shocked. He makes too many discoveries.

ROSALYS. I don't think I should be *bored* with you.

HUGO. Come ! that's something.

ROSALYS. [*Sighing doubtfully.*] Should I find blue roses in your kingdom ?

HUGO. [*Gently.*] No. But there will be nothing to prevent you from looking for them.

ROSALYS. You wouldn't think me mad ?

HUGO. No. I shall know you can't help it—because the fairies came to your christening. Come !



ROSALYS. [*Hesitating.*] But how shall we get there ?

HUGO. Have you forgotten the river at the back of the wood ?—our river, with its reeds and willow-herbs ? My boat is there. Come ! We will glide between the lilies and forget-me-nots, and reach the sea, and then at last my kingdom, where you and I will reign.

ROSALYS. [*Hesitating.*] Oh ! but I——

HUGO. [*Suddenly goes close and kisses her.*] Will you come now ?

ROSALYS. [*Shyly.*] Yes.

[HUGO puts his arm round her, and is turning towards the wood when the spirits surround them, and, taking hands, for a moment encircle them, dancing, laughing, and singing.]

Wildness and beauty,  
Terror and goodness,  
Met at the christening of Rosalys ;  
Child with the name of roses and lilies,  
All of us gave you a kiss.

[*They fade away R. and L., and at the entrance to the wood stands the shepherd boy. He turns, and piping as he goes, leads the way. HUGO and the PRINCESS follow, and are presently lost to sight. As they go HUGO sings.*]

## HUGO'S SONG.

At early dawn we climbed the hill,  
Rosalys and I ;  
The trees stood silent in amaze  
To see us passing by.

For we had met a shepherd boy,  
A shepherd with his flute ;  
To hear the melodies he played,  
The very birds were mute.

The very birds were mute ; the hares  
Sat watching in the grass,  
The butterflies with outspread wings  
Flew near to see us pass.

At early dawn we climbed the hill,  
Rosalys and I ;  
The Shepherd lad was with us  
When the sun rose in the sky.

He's with us, now the splendid sun  
Floods all the world with light ;  
He'll stay, till with a crown of stars  
And gentle step, comes night.

# THE ENCHANTED GARDEN



# THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

## CHARACTERS

NANCY.

CYNTHIA (her doll).

LUBIN

AMARYLLIS

SIX DAISIES.

CUPID.

} (Shepherd and Shepherdess).

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned garden. Enter NANCY, a little girl of seven or eight. She has a doll under one arm and a book under the other. She seats herself, puts her doll in the corner of the bench, and begins to talk to it.*

NANCY. Sit there, Cynthia, and talk to me. You've got a silly expression to-day—just like Jane when she pretends not to hear a word Mother says to her. And you know you *do* hear, perfectly well. Are you listening? [*She makes the doll speak in a hurt voice.*]

CYNTHIA. Yes. But don't be cross with me !

NANCY. [*Embracing her.*] No, darling ! Mother won't be cross to her dear Cynthia. There ! that's right. Now you look a bright, intelligent child—like *I* have to look when I go to see Aunt Sophie. Now listen, Cynthia ! I want to tell you something. [*Impressively.*] It's a *great* secret. You won't tell anyone, will you ?

CYNTHIA. Mayn't I tell Mademoiselle ?

NANCY. [*Shaking her violently.*] *Certainly* not ! Do try to have a little sense, child ! Not anyone ! And *especially* not Mademoiselle. Do you understand ? . . . Very well ! Now there's nothing to cry about. I shan't tell you if you cry. . . . That's right. Now listen. [*Very impressively.*] I'm quite sure this is an enchanted garden !

CYNTHIA. Oh, Mother ! Why ?

NANCY. [*With a matronly manner.*] You may well ask, my child ! [*Relapsing into her own voice.*] Because I had a lovely dream about it last night. I dreamt that all the people I want to be *real* people came into this garden, and *were* real people. . . . Now *don't* pretend you don't know what I mean, Cynthia ! You know quite well ! There's the little painted boy and girl on the tea-pot in the drawing-room cabinet, and the flower fairies in that book Uncle Jack gave me, and the statue of the dear

little blind boy with the bow and arrows in Uncle Jack's library. You remember it ?

CYNTHIA. Yes, Mother.

NANCY. Well ! I dreamt it quite plainly. And they all came here because they said this was an enchanted garden. And [*looking round*] I believe it is ! [*With a sigh.*] Oh, Cynthia ! it's such a *sleepy* day, isn't it ? And I've got my poetry to learn. [*She yawns.*] But I know some of it. Mademoiselle said I might choose a piece [*opens book, and points*], and I've chosen this. You shall hear me as far as I know. [*Puts book on doll's lap.*] There now ! hold it properly. And don't stop me for the " and's " and " the's," like Mademoiselle generally does. It's so worrying. [*Folds her hands and begins.*]

If we believed in fairies still,  
The fairies would be there ;  
It's only when we laugh at them  
They are not anywhere.

Directly we are sure they're true,  
They all come back and play,  
In woods, in gardens, and in fields  
We see them every day.

But if we say they are not there,  
Of *course* they go away,  
It's just what you and I would do  
If we weren't asked to stay.

They think it's rude, and so it is.  
My garden shall be free  
To *anyone* from Fairyland  
Who wants to play with me.

[*She leans back sleepily.*] I don't think I know the last verse. [*Yawns.*]

If I should——

Tell me, Cynthia ! [*Very sleepily.*]

If I ——

[*Her eyes close ; she sinks back against the bench, asleep.*]

[*Faint music. Enter R. and L. a little Dresden shepherd and shepherdess. They seat themselves in china-figure attitudes one on each arm of the bench, upon which NANCY is sleeping. The boy puts his pipe to his lips [music continues]. NANCY begins to rouse, rubbing her eyes. Presently she sits upright, and looks from one figure to the other. Then she smiles, and claps her hands. Both figures remain very still.*]

NANCY. I *knew* it was an enchanted garden !  
You are the little boy and girl on the teapot !  
Now where do you *really* live ?



LUBIN. In the Porcelain Country.

NANCY. Is it nice there ?

AMARYLLIS. Not very. You have to be so careful.

LUBIN. You see, at any moment it might smash to atoms.

NANCY. That's how you've learnt to sit so still, I suppose ? I'm rather glad *I* don't live there. I should be broken by this time, shouldn't I ?

AMARYLLIS. Into a thousand pieces !

NANCY. [*Eagerly.*] But *do* tell me what you're saying to one another when you sit on the teapot ? I've always longed to know.

LUBIN. We'll do it if you like, but [*to shepherdess*] we're awfully tired of it, aren't we ?

AMARYLLIS. Awfully.

LUBIN. [*With a sigh.*] Come along !

*[They get down from the arms of the bench very carefully, as though afraid of breaking. The boy kneels before the shepherdess, who turns coyly away in a Dresden-china attitude. Faint music.]*

LUBIN says, or sings] :

Amaryllis, fair and sweet,  
See your Lubin at your feet.  
Do not scorn your silly swain  
Stung by Cupid's dart again.

[*To NANCY.*]

Shepherds have to play this game,  
It's very boring all the same.

AMARYLLIS.

Lubin, are you sure you're true ?  
Can Amaryllis trust in you ?  
Swains who have been hurt before  
Cupid teases o'er and o'er.

[*To NANCY.*]

Shepherdesses have to say  
Stupid things like this all day.

LUBIN.

Let us get it over soon.  
Leave out all about the moon,  
Stars and eyes and Cupid's wings,  
And the broken hearts and things.

AMARYLLIS.

That's the way, you understand,  
We must talk in Porcelain land.

[*LUBIN springs up.*]

Here, we are not china toys,  
We can just be girls and boys !

AMARYLLIS. Oh, we've forgotten our dance !

LUBIN. [*Wearily.*] Come along ! [*They dance  
a gavotte.*]

LUBIN. [*To NANCY.*] We always forget we needn't be careful here.

AMARYLLIS. No, here we can run and jump on *real* green grass, and pick real roses, and play with real lambs—not horrid knobbly china ones!

NANCY. Do you often come here? People never see you.

LUBIN. No, that's because they're silly, and don't believe in us. Why, every fine day the garden's *full* of us. [*Carelessly.*] Here come the Daisies. They're not bad to play with.

[*Enter, R., skipping and dancing, six little daisy-fairies.*]

1ST DAISY. Well, Lubin! [*She runs to him, takes his hands, and whirls him round.*]

2ND DAISY. Well, Amaryllis! What shall we play?

AMARYLLIS. It's only Nancy. She's one of the people who can see us.

1ST DAISY. Oh! the wind's blowing! the wind's blowing! We must dance!

[*Daisy ballet.*]

4TH DAISY. What a long time you've been seeing us, Nancy! Why, we're always playing about the garden—pretending to be daisies.

NANCY. Yes, but you pretend so well! When

you sit quite still on the lawn, how am I to know you're not *really* daisies ?

5TH DAISY. If you whispered to us we should laugh. We couldn't help it.

NANCY. What a good plan ! I shall always try that now.

6TH DAISY. What shall we play ? If Nancy wants any other people we might call them. You see she doesn't know us all yet.

THE OTHERS. Yes. Who shall we call ?

NANCY. Let me see—— [*Suddenly.*] The poor little blind boy with the wings and the bow and arrows.

LUBIN. [*Carelessly.*] Oh ! *Cupid*. He isn't really blind, you know.

ALL. [*Calling.*] Cupid ! Cupid ! Cupid !

[*Enter CUPID, bandage over his eyes, bow and arrows.*]

CUPID. [*Standing in the midst of them.*] Are there any grown-up people here ?

LUBIN. No, only me, Amaryllis, and the Daisies, and Nancy.

CUPID. [*Throws off his bandage.*] That's all right. Now I can take this off and have a holiday.

NANCY. [*Looking at him with interest.*] Then you're not really blind, little boy?

CUPID. No, of course not. It's one of the silly things grown-up people think.

NANCY. But why don't you tell them you can see?

CUPID. They wouldn't like it.

NANCY. How funny! They ought to be glad. What do you shoot with your bow and arrows?

CUPID. Grown-up people.

NANCY. [*Horried.*] Cupid! How cruel of you.

CUPID. [*Indifferently.*] They don't seem to mind.

NANCY. But do you *kill* them?

CUPID. [*Cheerfully.*] Oh no!—never.

NANCY. But aren't they very angry when you shoot them? What do they do?

CUPID. Lubin and Amaryllis will show you. I'll shoot them, and you'll see.

[*He draws his bow and shoots. LUBIN and AMARYLLIS stand in china-figure attitudes, and make love in dumb show.*]

NANCY. Oh! they're always playing that. I think it's a silly game! Let's have Blind Man's Buff.

ALL. Yes! Yes! Cupid shall be blind man.

*[They tie bandage round his eyes, and run about him, laughing. (Music.) CUPID finally catches NANCY.]*

ALL. Nancy! Nancy! Cupid's caught her.

*[He takes off bandage and ties it round NANCY'S eyes. All take hands round her, and one sings]:*

Nancy's "blind man,"  
Cupid's caught her,  
She will not forget;  
All the charming games we've taught her,  
She'll remember yet.  
Through life's fair and stormy weather  
She'll think how we played together.  
Nancy's "blind man,"  
Cupid's caught her,  
She will not forget.

*[As the song goes on they gradually move away R. and L. CUPID creeps near, and, standing on tiptoe, kisses NANCY; then, as she tries to grasp him, runs away laughing, and disappears with the rest. NANCY gropes her way to the bench, and sleepily pulls handkerchief from her eyes. She leans back with her eyes closed. Music gradually dies away.]*

[Voice presently calls] Nancy! Nancy! Come and say your poetry.

NANCY [*rousing, looks round her in a dazed way, and snatches up open book. Glancing at the page, she repeats hurriedly to herself*]:

. . . My garden shall be free  
To *anyone* from Fairyland  
Who wants to play with me.

[*As she is preparing to run out, she sees a broken daisy-chain on the grass. Picking it up joyfully it is clear that she "remembers."* She kisses her hand to invisible folk, and runs out calling]:

Coming, Mamselle!





## THE STRANGE BOY



# THE STRANGE BOY

## CHARACTERS

BETTY        } (Children who are brought  
PAT         } up together.)

KATHLEEN }  
DOLLY     } (Their little friends).  
KENNETH }  
DI        }

JANE.        THE HOUSEMAID.  
              THE STRANGE BOY.

SCENE.—*The Schoolroom. A large map on the wall. A bookcase with school books, and a blackboard in one corner. The room is, however, pretty and bright. Flowers in pots on the window-sill. Pictures on the wall. Door centre. Another door R. Window L. A table (not too big to be lifted by the children) is laid for a birthday tea. Cake in the middle of the table. Flowers round it. A tea service of very small cups and saucers.*

*Door R. opens, and Betty comes running in. She is dressed in white, as for a party. She goes up to the tea-table, and delightedly looks at the decora-*

*tions, rearranges the tea-cups, etc. Voices outside. Betty runs to door, and admits two little girls about her own age.*

DOLLY and KATHLEEN. [*Together.*] Many happy returns of the day.

KATHLEEN. [*Giving a little parcel.*] Here's our present.

BETTY. [*Unwrapping it.*] Oh! how sweet! It's just what I wanted for the Doll's House. [*She kisses both of them.*] Thank you, ever so much.

DOLLY. [*Looking round.*] Is this your school-room? It's much nicer than ours. Ours is horrid.

KATHLEEN. Do you have a governess?

BETTY. Yes. A Mademoiselle.

DOLLY. [*Apprehensively.*] Is she coming in to tea?

BETTY. No. Isn't it lovely? We're going to be quite alone all the afternoon. Mother said we might. She's gone out, and so has Mademoiselle, and we're going to have tea all by ourselves, and I'm going to pour out. Look! We've got the dear little tea-set. [*She draws the children to look at the table.*]

KATHLEEN. Oh, see! What a pretty cake! White with green letters on it. [*Reading.*] Betty and Pat: Who's Pat?

BETTY. [*Staring, and then laughing.*] Why—Pat. I forgot. You don't know Pat? He's a sort of cousin. [*Ruefully.*] He's been away, at his uncle's house in the country, ever since the day I got to know you.

DOLLY. Well, that isn't very long. Only a week.

BETTY. It seems millions and millions of years since he went away. It's always perfectly horrid without Pat. [*Joyfully.*] But he's coming back this afternoon on purpose for the birthday tea.

KATHLEEN. Why does he have his name on your birthday cake?

BETTY. Because it's *his* birthday too. Only he's a year older than me. We always keep them together. Look what he sent me this morning. [*Shows a book.*] It's a *lovely* Fairy book. And I gave him a dormouse. We have lessons together with Mademoiselle, all except Latin. And he's awfully naughty sometimes, only you mustn't tell papa. Directly Mademoiselle sees him, she looks up to the ceiling like this, and says, "*Mon Dieu!*" and then he draws French cats with bows round their necks, on the blackboard, and then——

DOLLY. He sounds awfully nice.

BETTY. So he is, except when he teases me, and then he's horrid. But he can make up lovely

exciting games and stories about fairies and pixies and things. Only never when there are other people. Then he slashes about with a stick, you know, just like boys do, and pretends to be very grand, and likes hunting cats and shooting with catapults, and hating girls—just to show he's a boy. But really he isn't a bit nasty like that. And when we get grown up we're going to have a little house in the very middle of the forest, and tame squirrels, and have them to breakfast with us. And when it's moonlight we shall go out and watch the fairies dancing, and——

KATHLEEN. [*Scornfully.*] There aren't any fairies.

BETTY. Not in England. There are in Ireland— heaps. And Pat and I are Irish. And we both had our sleeves tied up with green ribbon when we were christened. My nurse says I did, and Pat's nurse says *he* did. And we were both born on *May Eve*. And children like that can always see the fairies. Nurse says so.

DOLLY. [*Doubtfully.*] Do you believe it?

KATHLEEN. Don't be so silly! Who else is coming besides Pat?

BETTY. Oh! Kenneth and Di Cuthbertson— and a new little boy I've never seen. Mamma met his mother in Ireland, and now they've come to

live quite close to us. And his mother says he's a very strange child, and he's often ill, and I wish he wasn't coming. [*Stops to listen to her name called outside, "Betty! Hulloo, Betty!"*] [*Joyfully.*] Here's Pat!

[*Enter PAT, who looks a little older than BETTY. She rushes to him and embraces him.*]

PAT and BETTY. [*Simultaneously.*] Many happy returns of the day!

[*He does not at first notice the other children, and begins to whirl BETTY round in a dance.*]

PAT. I say! The dormouse is heavenly. Let's call him Pixy, and then we can pretend—— [*Suddenly pulls himself up, while his manner changes.*] Hulloo!

BETTY. This is Kathleen, and this is Dolly. I've just got to know them. And they've got a Mademoiselle too, and——

PAT. [*Rather shamefacedly and gruffly.*] How are you? [*Shakes hands awkwardly, then turns to BETTY.*] I say, is that silly young chap you told me about, coming?

BETTY. Yes, his mother said if he was well

enough he might. How do you know he's a silly young chap?

PAT. Of course he is. We don't know him. Besides, the little ass is *delicate*. [*With scorn.*] Fancy being *delicate*!

BETTY. Well, he can't help it. He may be a very nice little boy.

PAT. [*Derisively.*] Very nice little boy! Very nice little ass!

BETTY. [*Reprovingly.*] You know you're not allowed to say "ass"—only donkey.

[*Door opens, and KENNETH and DI come in. BETTY runs and kisses them.*]

BETTY. How do you do?

PAT. Hulloo! [*Pulls DI's hair.*] Hulloo! [*With nod to KENNETH.*]

BETTY. This is Kathleen, and this is Dolly.

[*Children shake hands shyly.*]

PAT. Come on, Betty. Let's have tea. The other fellow isn't coming. I suppose the poor little angel has a cold.

[*Door opens, and housemaid comes in with teapot.*]

Hurrah! here's Jane, now we can begin.

JANE. [*Putting teapot down.*] I shouldn't think the other little boy's coming, Miss Betty. It's



past five. Are you going to pour out ? [*She places chairs at table.*] Are you sure you can manage, Miss Betty, dear ?

BETTY. [*With dignity.*] Yes, beautifully, of course.

JANE. [*Smiling.*] That's all right then. [*Exit.*]

[*The children gather round the table.*]

BETTY. [*Pouring out.*] Pass the jam, Pat !

[*Pat obeys.*] [*The children begin their tea.*]

PAT. It's jolly decent jam !

BETTY. [*Triumphantly.*] There ! I haven't spilt a drop. [*Suddenly.*] I say, is it rude to begin without the strange boy, do you think ? He *might* come.

PAT. " The strange boy ! " What silly names you call people ! [*As though inspired with an idea.*] Well ! we'll give him one chance. [*Runs to window and opens it.*] Now we'll call him three times, and if he doesn't come, we'll jolly well go on without him. [*Calls.*] Strange boy ! Are you outside ? [*Turning to children.*] Now call that altogether !

[*Children, laughing and entering into the spirit of the game, call altogether.*]

CH. *Strange boy, are you outside ?*

PAT. *Strange boy, we're waiting !*

CH. *Strange boy, we're waiting !*

PAT. Strange boy, come now or never !

CH. *Strange boy, come now or never !*

PAT. [*Shutting window.*] He's done for himself !  
Now let's cut the cake.

BETTY. Shall I put in the sugar, or shall I——

[*A knock. All the children suddenly silent.*]

BETTY. [*Below her breath.*] It's the strange boy ! Come in !

[*The door opens, and a pretty boy stands on the threshold. He is dressed in a short tunic of emerald green. He has a quaint little cap with a sprig of flower in it. The children look at one another in amazement.*]

DOLLY. [*Pulling BETTY'S sleeve and speaking in a loud aside.*] He thought it was a fancy dress party !

[*She, KATHLEEN, and the other little girls giggle.*]

THE BOY. [*Suddenly.*] Someone called me.

BETTY. [*Getting off her chair and going to him.*]  
You are the little strange boy, aren't you ? We thought you weren't coming, and so before we began tea, Pat thought we'd better just——

THE BOY. Call me ? Yes. I was passing and I heard.

BETTY. [*As she brings him to table.*] Did you really and truly hear us outside? I say, Pat, we must have called loud.

KENNETH. [*Staring.*] Why have you got those things on?

DOLLY. Did you think it was fancy dress?

THE BOY. I am often dressed like this.

[*The children again look at one another in amazement. PAT, with his elbows on the table, never takes his eyes from the newcomer. He pays no attention to anything else.*]

DI. [*Incredulously.*] But you don't play in the square like that?

THE BOY. No. I play on the mountains, and in the green fields, and in the forest.

KATHLEEN. Then you don't live in London?

THE BOY. No. But I come sometimes.

BETTY. Will you have some birthday cake? [*Hesitates.*] I don't know what your name is.

THE BOY. [*Looking at the cake and reading*]: *Betty and Pat.* You [*pointing to her*] are Betty and you are Pat.

KATHLEEN. How do you know? You've never seen them before.

THE BOY. Yes, I have seen them both before.

PAT. [*In a confused way.*] Before? Where?

THE BOY. In a little house in the middle of the forest. [PAT and BETTY exchange glances.] I have brought some birthday presents. Look ! One for Pat, and one for Betty. [He takes out of his tunic two little silver flutes.]

[The children, except BETTY and PAT, who take the flutes silently] : Oh ! how pretty !

KENNETH. But they don't know how to play on them !

THE BOY. Presently I'll show them.

DOLLY. [Looking at him in a puzzled way.] How funny you are ! Show them now.

KENNETH. Let's push the table back so that we can see him better.

[The children, with the exception of BETTY and PAT, who are too absorbed, do this, and then all stand or sit near the table watching curiously. THE BOY holds out his hand for PAT'S flute, which the latter silently gives him. He puts it to his lips, and wild music rises. As he plays, BETTY and PAT get up slowly as though spellbound, and stand hand in hand close to THE BOY, staring. The other children remain in their places listening, their eyes fixed on the player. Music suddenly stops.]

PAT. [*Excitedly.*] Listen ! There were birds singing just now, and a rushing noise, like a waterfall.

BETTY. [*Also excitedly.*] Why, of course ! It's our waterfall, near our cottage in the forest. We always *said* there was to be one quite close. Oh, Pat, how *lovely* !

PAT. [*Eagerly.*] Tell us who you are ?

BOY. [*Laughing mischievously.*] Why, I'm Michael O'Neil. Didn't you expect me to your birthday tea ?

PAT. [*Slowly.*] You are not really Michael O'Neil ? I believe you are——[*Pauses.*]

BETTY. We think you are——

[*Pauses and glances at the other children, who are still gazing at the BOY as though bewitched.*]

BOY. Go on. They're half asleep. That's what the music does to some people. They won't remember anything we say. Who do you think I am ?

BETTY. [*Going close to him, delightedly, yet a little afraid.*] We think you are—a fairy !

DOLLY. [*Sleepily, while she yawns and rubs her eyes.*] How silly you are, Betty ! [*Yawns again.*]

DI. [*Also sleepily.*] Always talking about——

KATHLEEN. Always talking about——[*Stops to yawn.*]

KENNETH. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Silly fairies and things.

PAT. [*To BOY.*] Tell us !

BETTY. Tell us ! Are you a fairy ?

BOY. [*Laughing.*] It's a secret.

PAT. But anyhow you know them ? You've seen them ?

BOY. Listen. I'll tell you a story.

*[He beckons, and very slowly the other children draw near, and sit on the floor, while the BOY stands in the midst of them. He speaks mysteriously] :*

Michael O'Neil lies quiet in bed,  
A soft warm pillow under his head.  
There he lies through the livelong day,  
" Staring at nothing " the good folks say.  
[*Laughs.*] Little they know that Michael's " away."  
Out and away with the fairy men,  
Over the mountains, into the glen,  
Into the glen of the silent lake  
Beside whose waters the rushes shake.  
There he sees when the night is still  
Thousands of stars, peep over the hill,  
Thousands of stars in the water deep  
Lie 'mid the rushes—fast asleep.  
There he hears when the night is fair  
Sweet wild music upon the air ;

Music so strange, so keen, so clear,  
The daisies open their leaves to hear,  
And all the birds that are dreaming of spring  
Wake in their nests, and begin to sing.  
There he sees, through the warm still night,  
The feet of the fairies gleaming white,  
In a dance so wild, in a dance so gay,  
That Michael laughs, and the good folks say,  
"What has come to the child to-day?"  
Little they know that Michael's "away"!

[*Laughs again.*]

PAT. [*Slowly.*] Is *that* how it is?

BETTY. [*Nodding.*] Yes, I think I understand.

BOY. [*Laughing.*] Do you? I thought you would.

KENNETH. [*Getting up and yawning.*] Let's play something else now. I'm tired of Blind Man's Buff.

KATHLEEN. [*Dreamily.*] Let's have Hunt the Slipper.

DOLLY. Yes. Hunt the Slipper.

[KENNETH *takes off his shoe. The children move to another part of the room, and sit in a ring, every now and then passing the slipper slowly from one to another as though they are playing in their sleep.*]

BETTY. [*First looking at them, and then at the Boy, calls wonderingly*] : Kathleen ! Kenneth !

BOY. Let them alone. They think we're all playing. The music made them think so, that's all.

PAT. But why didn't it make *us* think so ?

BOY. I don't know. It says different things to different people.

BETTY. [*Eagerly.*] Tell us everything about Fairyland. Do the fairies talk ?

BOY. They whisper.

PAT. What do they whisper ?

BOY. You don't understand—until you've been away with them.

BETTY. Do you dance with them ?

BOY. Yes.

PAT *and* BETTY. Show us !

BOY. [*Looking round the room.*] Here ? I want the soft grass, and the big white moon, and all the stars.

PAT. Try ! Do try !

BOY. Well ! But it won't be right. Wait till I call the music.

[*Puts flute to his lips. Music rises. He throws down flute, and while music still sounds, dances.*]



BETTY. [*After dance.*] Oh ! teach us ! Teach Pat and me !

BOY. I can't. You must first learn your magic flutes.

PAT. Shall we ever play them ?

BOY. Perhaps. If you take enough trouble.

[*While he speaks he moves towards the door centre.*]

BETTY. [*Apprehensively.*] Where are you going ?

BOY. [*Laughing and speaking in mysterious whisper.*] Back to Michael. He's been staring at nothing, long enough. It's time he was lively once more.

PAT. [*Running after him.*] But we shall see you again ?

BOY. Yes. You will see Michael O'Neil.

[*Laughs.*] He will be dressed in a suit like yours !

BETTY. [*Incoherently.*] But we don't want that. We want your lovely green dress, and the grass, and the big white moon, and the——

BOY. Then you must learn to play the flutes. But [*impressively*] hide them ! That's right, hide them ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !

[*He waves his hand to each of them in turn, opens the door, and is gone, smiling as he goes. Faint music sounds a moment,*

*and dies. BETTY and PAT stand looking at one another. The moment music ceases, the other children resume their natural manner, and come running up, talking altogether.]*

KATHLEEN. Shall we play Dumb Crambo now ?

DOLLY. Oh no.

DI. Yes. Yes. Dumb Crambo.

KENNETH. [*To PAT.*] You and Betty choose sides.

*[While the clamour goes on, Jane, the house-maid, comes in.]*

JANE. You're called for, Miss Di, and Master Kenneth. [*To KATHLEEN and DOLLY.*] And your maid is here too, dears.

DI. Oh no ! Not yet.

KATHLEEN. Oh ! can't we stay a little longer ?

JANE. They're both in a hurry, and they say you mustn't wait. [*To BETTY.*] Oh, Miss Betty, the poor little boy wasn't well enough to come. He's been in bed all day. Someone's just been round with a message.

BETTY and PAT. Why ?——

*[Check themselves suddenly, and look at other children.]*

DOLLY. Why, he *did* come. [*Stops, puzzled.*]

KATHLEEN. What *do* you mean? Fancy not knowing if he came! How stupid you are, Dolly. [DOLLY still looks puzzled.]

DI. Well, we called him. [*Laughing.*]

KENNETH. Yes. We gave him a chance.

JANE. [*Carelessly.*] Called him? What do you mean? But come along and get your things on. I'll take them, Miss Betty, and then they shall come back to say good-bye. [*Suspiciously.*] You're very quiet, you two. I hope you've been good and kind to your little friends?

DI. Oh yes. We've had such fun, Jane.

KATHLEEN. We've had Blind Man's Buff.

DI. And Hunt the Slipper, and——

[*The children go out with JANE talking.*

*When the door closes upon them, BETTY and PAT look at one another, then simultaneously take out the flutes. They both put them to their lips, and blow in vain.*]

BETTY. [*Despairingly.*] It's no good.

PAT. [*Doggedly.*] We've got to learn them, you know. And we shall, if we take enough trouble.

BETTY. And when we get grown up, we'll play them in our cottage in the forest. And then we shall see the fairies dance.

PAT. And know the squirrels' language!

BETTY. And hear the flowers talk.

PAT. And understand everything—and have a splendid time !

BETTY. [*Excitedly clinging to PAT's arm.*] And we'll never forget the strange boy, will we ? And we'll ask him to tea in our cottage, and have eggs and honey and cream. It will be perfectly lovely. [*With sudden ruefulness.*] But, oh, Pat ! I expect it will take a long time to learn the flutes.

[*Both children stand now together, looking down at the flutes which they hold in their hands.*]

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